

AN
ODE
TO THE
Duke of *ARGYLL*.

To which is added, One to the

Earl of MARCHMONT.

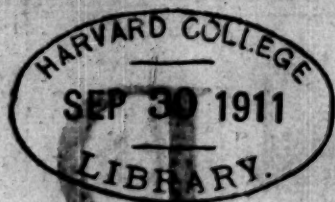


L O N D O N :

Printed for *T. Cooper*, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
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TO THE
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I.

Attend, O *Cambel*! nor refuse
The Tribute which a free-born Muse,
Unfought, uninfluenc'd brings!
Truth sanctifies an honest Praise;
Let the Slave blush, who tunes his Lays
For Ministers or K-----s!

II.

'Twas glorious Labour, when afar
You spread the horrid Front of War,
In trembling *Europe's* Cause.
As glorious, when exalted Sense
Pours the big Flood of Eloquence,
For *Britain* and her Laws.

Nor

III.

Nor yet less glorious, beaming forth,
 Thy Virtues cheer'd the drooping North,
 A long-benighted Croud!

Like Truth's fair Messenger you spoke,
 And quick the saving Radiance broke,
 Thro' black Corruption's Cloud.

IV.

What tho' no Senate then could hear,
 Nor shouting Hosts salute thine Ear,

With Triumph's proud Acclaim!
 Yet Virtue bade her Powers rejoice,
 And Conscience sang with sweeter Voice,
 Than all the Trumps of Fame.

V.

Tho' Fortune shift the various Scene,
 Unchang'd, Determin'd, and Serene,
 The Patriot shines confest.
 Far, far unlike the vainly Great,
 Who fullen fall from troubled State,
 To plunge in gloomy Rest.

VI.

In vain shall Sloth's inglorious Tribe
 Reject the base Seducer's Bribe,
 The sordid Hireling's Shame:
 Whether with Ease, or Wages won,
 Whether for Self, or Friend, or Son,
 The Bribe is still the same.

VII.

Low Prudence! narrow-minded Care!
 Who thrifty, hoard your separate Share,
 Unvex'd with publick Pains;
 When Fraud shall swell Tyrannic Power,
 When lawless Rapine shall devour,
 Compute your boasted Gains!

VIII.

Go then, ye impotent of Soul,
 Produce your Freedom's vaunted Scroll,
 And tame and humble wait;
 'Till spurn'd the sully'd Prize shall lie,
 Or in mock Triumph rais'd on high,
 Proclaim some Tyrant's State!

Nor

IX.

Nor rests the great eternal Cause,
 On the frail Base of Human Laws,
 Disjointed and perplext:
 LAW may a guilty Few controul,
 'Tis VIRTUE must direct the Whole,
 And mend the mortal Text.

VII.

Low Prudence! narrow-minded Care!
 Who thirst, hoard your separate Share,
 Unmix'd with publick Pains;
 When Fraud shall swell Tyrannic Power,
 When Lawless devours
 Compute stains!



Go then, ye impotent of Soul,
 Produce your Freedom's vaunted Scroll,
 And tame and humble wait;
 Till spurn'd the sully'd Prize shall lie,
 Or in mock Triumph rais'd on high,
 Proclaim some Tyrant's State!

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I.

Restrain thy Tears! the pious Son
Enough hath wept the honour'd Sire;
Thy Race of Glory just begun,

It now were impious to retire:
Then spite of hard unequal Laws,
Rise in thy sinking Country's Cause!

II.

Thrice happy Youth, whose first Essays
Judicious, honest, firm, and bold,
In S--- gain'd impartial Praise,

Where Reason, Honour, Faith, were f---d;
And strengthening Truth with graceful Art,
Pour'd St. John's Words, from Cobham's Heart.

Strange

III.

Strange Force of Virtue thus exprest,
 The Guilty catch the sacred Flame;
 And honest Nature shines confest,
 Thro' adverse Power, and Pride, and Shame.
 Tyrants the potent Impulse own,
 And they who sculk beneath a Throne.

IV.

Lo! where the lash'd Offender stands,
 Aghast with Anger, Fear, Surprise;
 And now he lifts his trembling Hands,
 And now he rolls his haggard Eyes;
 While all around the down-look'd Tribe,
 Half with away the tempting Bribe.

V.

Yet farther still, brave Youth, proceed!
 Let Freedom stamp the Patriot's Page;
 E're Law restrain the glorious Deed,
 E're Letters sink in Gothic Rage:
 And unconfin'd by Time or Place,
 Write, teach, and save a better Race!

F I N I S.